FALL OF THE HOUSE OF ULLSTEIN, By Herman Ullstein

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Father of the Detective Story
BY HOWARD HAYCRAFT

"A THOUSAND SHALL FALL"
By Hans Habe
Reviewed by Henry B. Kranz

"LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN"
By James Agee & Walker Evans
Reviewed by Selden Rodman

"DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN HISTORY"
Edited by James Truslow Adams
Reviewed by Frank Monaghan

"ISLAND IN THE CORN"
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"BIRD OF THE WILDERNESS"
By Vincent Sheean
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"THE SOUTH IN ARCHITECTURE"
By Lewis Mumford
Reviewed by Frank Lloyd Wright

HANS HABE (author of "A Thousand Shall Fall"): "His simple and powerful style, his warm heart . . . should put him in the forefront of contemporary writers" . . . *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Fall of the House of Ullstein

HERMAN ULLSTEIN

ON the morning of April 1, 1933, I drew up before the entrance of the Ullstein Building in the heart of Berlin. The door of my limousine was opened, as usual, by Wittkopp, our doorman, an obsequious giant who greeted me with a respectful "Good morning, Herr Ullstein." As I entered the building, everything was as it always had been: editors and messengers hurried through the corridors, telephones jingled, the familiar bustle of a newspaper office surged around me. And throbbing under everything else was the rumble of our gigantic presses, turning out their millions of pages. Another day was launched in the life of a great publishing house.

But promptly at 10 o'clock, all work stopped and the building fell into ominous silence. Outside my door, I soon heard marching feet and voices in rhythm. I stepped into the corridor and watched 150 of our employees, Wittkopp at their head, march through the halls in goosestep, chanting: "Down with the Jews! Down with the Jews!" They averted their eyes as they passed me and they kept their voices low; it was obvious that many were ashamed, and were acting under orders. It was a "token" demonstration of race hatred, the first the Nazis had ordered.

Grim days were ahead for the House of Ullstein. The Nazi infiltration of our offices was so successful that within two weeks the majority of our employees, willingly or unwillingly, had become party members. Massive Wittkopp was their leader. His obsequiousness turned to arrogance. Daily he roared into my office or the offices of my brothers with peremptory demands for dismissals, for changes in policy or administration.

Then there was Kleinmichel, a small, dried-up man, head of the messengers. One day Kleinmichel appeared at the office in a magnificent but ill-fitting Storm Trooper's uniform. He stationed Storm Troopers in the composing rooms to see that nothing against Nazism was printed. Kleinmichel! Kleinmichel in a Storm Trooper's uniform —a rabbit in a lion's skin!

Herman Ullstein

Soon the office was honeycombed with spies and treachery. My telephone was tapped. In our own building, I was shadowed by a Nazi agent, appointed to this task by one of our sub-editors. Another agent, similarly appointed, stood at the door of my office and wrote down the names of all my visitors. Employees whom I had trusted for years, men whom I had befriended with money and confidence, now struck blows of sickening disloyalty in order to advance their own interests with the Nazi terror.

A yoke of despair settled on my shoulders. But the heaviest burden of all was the realization that the House of Ullstein had not been without blame in bringing this tragedy on itself.

The free press of Germany slept while Hitler's power swelled unchecked during the late 20's. We were too concerned with day-to-day business to realize our own peril: there were competitors to outwit; advertising contracts to be garnered; circulations to be increased or maintained. We took the freedom of the press and private enterprise for granted. How wrong we were!

Certainly the House of Ullstein should have been in the thick of the fight against dictatorship. Established in 1877, we were incomparably the greatest publishing house in the world. We owned four daily newspapers, of which the largest was the *Berliner Morgenpost* with a circulation of 600,000. The largest of our six magazines were the *Illustrierte Zeitung,* which had 2,000,000 readers, and the *Grune Post,* which had a million. Our book department published a total of 2,000,000 volumes annually. And yet, despite our liberal policy and despite all this power to influence public opinion, we did little to oppose the rise of Hitler, or to maintain the democratic Weimar Republic which was struggling for its life during the critical 20's.

It is difficult, perhaps, for Americans to understand the political ferment in Germany between 1921-33. There were at least 20 parties grappling for power. Three of them—the Nationalists, Nazis, and Socialists—were backed by private armies of uniformed party members. The most vocal and intolerant of these were the Nazi legions, headed by the rising demagogue, Adolf Hitler. Early in Nazi history, I missed an opportunity to contribute to the crushing of Hitler's power. This is what happened.

Early in 1928, a German Army officer, let me call him Major Wendt, came to see me. We were political opponents, sharing only a mutual distrust of Hitler. Wendt declared that Hitler was being underestimated, that the Nazi movement, begun in street rowdyism, was now a national menace. The Major had a program for ending that menace; he proposed to meet violence with violence.

What did he want of me? He wanted the Ullsteins to put up 2,000,000 marks to finance the secret arming of the Stahlhelm, the "private army" of the Nationalist party. With the Stahlhelm armed, he promised me, Nazism would meet an abrupt and bloody end. It would be guns instead of oratory.

Of course, I did not agree to put up 2,000,000 marks for an illegal enterprise. But if Major Wendt and his rough-and-ready group were afraid of Hitler, I told myself that we *all* should be afraid of him. I decided then that it was the duty of the Ullsteins

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to combat Hitler by legal and constitutional means.

I called a meeting of the directors of our company and told them the story of Wendt's visit. I wanted to use our newspapers and magazines to fight Nazism. The directors, including my four brothers, demurred. They said that our periodicals had achieved tremendous circulation because we were neutral in politics; if we chose sides in the political tug-of-war we would lose half of our readers. "We can't afford to have opinions," said the directors. I thought we couldn't afford *not* to have opinions. I was voted down.

Not yet discouraged, I called a conference of the editors and owners of all liberal-democratic and neutral newspapers in Germany; almost every ranking newspaper personage attended. I am not an eloquent speaker, but I spoke as well as I could. I said that if Germany were to be saved, a concerted effort must be made to educate the people to see the fallacies and contradictions of Hitler's promises. If this campaign were not started at once, it would be too late.

My speech was applauded and we were at the point of organizing an all-out offensive against Hitler. Just then the afternoon papers arrived. They announced that in a raid on a Nazi stronghold, a document signed by Hitler had been found which proclaimed a new order for Germany and said that if Hitler came to power he would crush all opponents utterly and pay off with blood his debts of revenge. That, of course, simply backed up what I had been saying, and I felt considerable satisfaction—until I noticed that some of my fellow editors were beginning to leave. They weren't indignant; they were *frightened!* One by one they disappeared. The Press Committee to oppose Hitler died right there.

The Ullstein Press died a slower death. True, there were—even after Hitler came to power—no immediate outrages. Although censorship was strict, and we printed what we were told to print, we had no major trouble during the first year of Hitler's regime. Goering was then in charge of the press; like many a terrible man he was not too difficult. But it was Goering's own vanity—a weed of gargantuan proportions—that led directly to the effacement of the Ullstein Company.

One day we were informed that we were to have the "privilege" of publishing Goering's memoirs in the *Illustrierte Zeitung*—which still had the largest magazine circulation in Germany. We had gumption enough to protest, but we were quickly advised that a Goering suggestion was equivalent to a command. The manuscript was sent to us; proof-sheets were approved by the Goering Ministry. The day before the first chapter was to appear, we announced our serial.

Hell broke loose in the Nazi Party. Goebbels, who hates and envies Goering, went immediately to Hitler with a protest about the scandal of giving the memoirs of a Nazi leader to a non-Nazi magazine. One chapter of the memoirs appeared, then Hitler stopped them. This party brawl had a fateful sequel: Goebbels was put in charge of the entire German Press.

That was March, 1934, a date to be carved on the gravestone of German liberty. The era of easy censorship ended; vindictively, Goebbels now plied the dictatorial rod over our bent backs. He required all editors to appear in his office every morning for an hour of instruction. They were told what news they must carry, and what they must avoid; the size of headlines and actual number of words were prescribed. No breath of criticism could be directed at the Nazi State or any member of the Government.

My brothers and I soon became puppets in our own firm. We signed the payroll, but had no control over our own staff or what was printed. Editors were assigned to us from Party Headquarters. We felt that a crisis was approaching, but could divine neither its nature nor consequences.

The blow fell obliquely, and was cushioned with the velvet fiction of legality. One day Richard Muller, one of our directors, came to us and said Goebbels demanded that he, Muller, be given power of attorney for our firm. We trusted Muller. He had been reared from young manhood in our organization, and he now held the highest paying job in European journalism. If anyone had to have power of attorney, it might as well be Muller.

A short time later Muller came with the news that Goebbels had commanded him to come at once to the Propaganda Ministry, bringing along another Aryan director of the Ullstein Company. We sent them off with our blessing. In a few hours Muller came back and acquainted us with the Goebbels's decree: the Ullsteins must sell their publishing business within two weeks!

"But it will be impossible to find a buyer within that time!" I exclaimed. "Our business is worth 60,000,000 marks (approximately $23,000,000 in American currency). No individual or corporation in Germany has anything like that amount of money."

But in a few days the representatives of a semi-official bureau visited us with the news that they had a purchaser satisfactory to the Government. Who was this purchaser? We could not be told. We were, however, informed that

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It Happened in France

A THOUSAND SHALL FALL. By Hans Habe. Translated by Norbert Guterman. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. 1941. 442 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

HERE is a soldier's story of the battle in France against Germany, written with passion, beauty, and courage by a young Viennese writer. There are many pages in this stirring account of an anti-Nazi volunteer which remind you of the overpowering writing in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Hans Habe, former newspaper editor and foreign correspondent, has given us a book which cannot easily be forgotten.

It is less and more than an autobiography. It is autobiographic only in narrating the "flight forward" of the French army, of the lamentable retreat of men who were deserted by their officers, of the two-months' horror of a German war-prisoners' camp, and of a spectacular escape to freedom over the Swiss border. And it is more than a biography in presenting a comprehensive, searching picture of France in her most tragic days. Mr. Habe loves the French people. "I shall always remember those who died for the cause of freedom. My comrades of the glorious Twenty-first Foreign Volunteers which went down in defeat but did not give up . . . I shall never forget them."

But Hans Habe has bitter words for the leaders of these men. One of the few heroic officers whom Mr. Habe met told him why there was no hope of defeating the Germans. "How would you expect us to win this war? Did we ever talk of victory? Never. We didn't even know the word *victoire*. Only the word *Paix* . . . You don't win a war without singing. It is not a question of a few cannon more or less. The important thing is for people to know what they're dying for."

Hans Habe has spoken with soldiers and officers, with peasants and workers; he lived with men from all parts of France and with many who had come from Hungary, Poland, Russia, Spain, and Switzerland to volunteer, and he was always in the front line. These men were brave and willing to die but they were given no chance. They had orders to retreat, not to fight. "They told us we should be moving on. On foot—thirty, forty, fifty kilometers." When he asked an officer what had happened, he got the dispirited and discouraging answer: "Nothing. They just forgot about you."

There are innumerable scenes in "A Thousand Shall Fall" which are stranger and more dramatic than fiction. One cannot forget the wedding of the mayor's daughter in a little mountain village above Commercy while a few hundred tired anti-Nazi volunteers were waiting to stop the Germans just outside the village. "The whole population escorted us to the trenches. The women stood there, noisily blowing their noses into their aprons. There was not one of us but would have gladly given his life for the nameless village." But again they got orders to retreat. "We hadn't seen the enemy. We were running away from a ghost." And then the villagers awoke from their lethargy. "A flood of curses rained down on us. No steel helmet could ward them off. The women screamed: 'Save yourselves, cowards!' . . . I think I shall never again be so ashamed as long as I live."

And there is another unforgettable scene. Hans Habe succeeded in escaping from the war prisoners' camp and was given shelter in a small hotel. He did not know his host. Then he met her.

"Never shall I forget her face. Madame Louis Bellonville, nee Amalie Roquebrune, of Nancy. I shall include you in my prayers today, tomorrow, and forever. Never shall I forget you, in life and death, as you stood there, in the door of your apartment, big and fat as you were; with a blue apron, your slightly graying hair in great noble waves, and in your bright eyes a heavenly light such as is given only to those on whom God has bestowed the most precious of gifts: a pure heart.

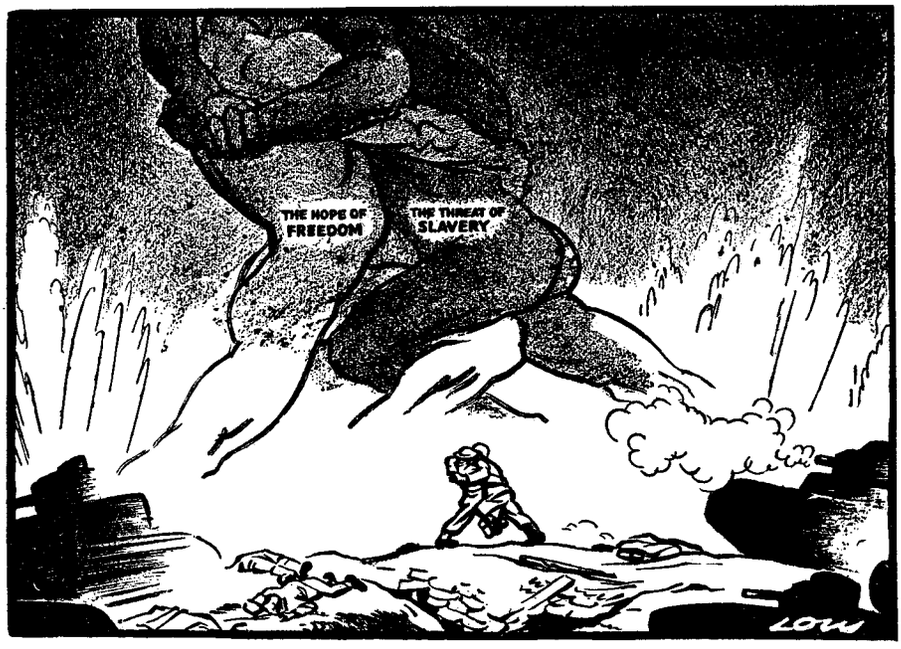
"The respectable hotel—'when the Boches took over'—had become a whorehouse. But never had a man been nicer and gentler treated than the escaped soldier by Madame and her seven girls, while the Nazi soldiers were drinking and singing in the next room. Madame arranged everything for Mr. Habe and his friend, a French physician, and they got false passports. They finally could leave. The girls stood in the kitchen doorway. Each gave me a kiss. Bad girls have never given more virtuous kisses than those seven in the doorway of the Hotel St. Martin." And Madame kissed his forehead. "I had a boy once. At the age of nineteen he left me like his father. I never heard of him again. He is about your age. You remind me of him. I was happy all the time you were here. Our Lord God will help you . . . "

Such stories can only be written by someone who knows how to write. Hans Habe's book shows that he is a great writer. His simple and powerful style, his warm heart, his clear eyes, his faith in human freedom should put him in the forefront of contemporary writers. Here is a book which deserves to become a best-seller.

Book Thieving Menace

It is a shocking revelation that one of the most redoubtable London book thieves is a fairly well-known authoress. She has already victimized a number of booksellers who had begun by congratulating themselves upon attracting so manifestly discerning a book-lover to their shops. She has a special technique for getting rid of watchful and attentive assistants, but perhaps it would be wiser not to publish it here.

—*The Bookseller, London.*



—*From "Low on the War."*

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The Poetry of Poverty

LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN. By James Agee & Walker Evans. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1941. 471 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by SELDEN RODMAN

THIS is not a book for those who consider Kenneth Roberts a realist, nor yet for those whose lukewarm passion for poetry and England is satisfied by "The White Cliffs." In fact it is easy (and not unpleasant) to picture the rage that is going to draw blood to the faces of certain self-righteous reviewers of books when they shall innocently start their daily commutation through its pages. Not that these connoisseurs of stylized fiction and high-minded, politically impeccable war-reportage will travel much farther than the introductory pages (unless frightened into Hansenesque neutrality by the sheer bulk of the thing), but that the author has set his traps for them so cunningly, and with such calculated cruelty, that opening almost at random should serve to produce the desired result.

Take the opening pages. If the reader does not like the kind of naked realism which is the truth as Walker Evans's camera-eye sees it, he is through before he even reaches the text. If he passes the photographs he is immediately warned: "Serious readers are advised to proceed to the book-proper after finishing the first section of the Preface." The next warning, which he will take according to his share of arrogance or humility, is a statement of the book's purpose: the documented, "unimagined" record of three tenant families in Alabama, but "more essentially, an independent inquiry into certain normal predicaments of human divinity." Next (and this is no doubt intended for those in the trade with pretensions): "If complications arise, that is because we are trying to deal with it not as journalists, sociologists, politicians, entertainers, humanitarians, priests, or artists, but seriously . . . This is a book *only* by necessity." From that point on for seventeen pages, our nimble arbiter of what is still called "taste" will be unmercifully slugged, drugged, browbeaten, and outraged, at the end of which (but by no means for the last time) if he can still take it (which he can't, and why should he?) he will begin to become a small but integral part of the home, house, food, clothes, sleep, work, filth, excrement, blood, and spirit of Three Tenant Families.

—Untitled portrait from the book.

Even if the reader should be humble about the meaning of life, and not be sure that he always understands what such indefinable, unclassifiable, and by-nature-once-occurring things as "art" and "poetry" are—even then (and this reviewer does not pretend that he began with nearly enough humility for either "art" or life) he will from time to time fall into one or another of the springs and masked batteries, throw down the volume in a rage, and curse the author for a confused adolescent, an Ezra Pound in Wolfe's clothing, a shocking snob, or a belligerent mystic posing with a purple pencil on the Left Bank of *Fortune*.

Part of the greatness and unique quality of "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men," then, is its structural failure, its over-all failure as the "work of art" it does not aim or presume to be and which from moment to moment it is. Were it written *straight,* proceeding logically without these savage asides from the arrival of its "spies" (Agee and Evans) through their initiation and undoing and departure, it would be dishonest. The unparalleled intensity of much of the writing, the extraordinarily nightmarish and yet sacred sense of the *whole* —the feeling that this is the tragedy of most of the two billion inhabitants of the planet extended backward and forward in space and time—the communication of Christian (most anti-churchly) brotherly love, the extreme reverence for man and nature—none of these would be remotely possible coming from a "sophisticated," "sensitive," "confused," "upper class," "American," "writer" in the year 1941 without an accompaniment of the most profound guilt. And it is because this guilt is shamelessly exposed in its most raw and unattractive shape, that "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men" will be spat upon—and years hence (unless the country is given over to the fascists or the faith-healers of "far away" democracy) read.

The style? The content?

> Here I must say . . . what I can hardly hope to bear out in the record: that a house of simple people which stands empty and silent in the vast Southern country morning sunlight, and everything which on this morning in eternal space it by chance contains, all thus left open and defenseless to a reverent and cold-laboring spy, shines quietly forth in such grandeur, such sorrowful holiness of its exactitudes in existence, as no human consciousness shall ever rightly perceive, far less impart to another: that there can be more beauty and more deep wonder in the standings and spacings of mute furnishings on a bare floor between the squaring bourns of walls than in any music ever made: that this square home, as it stands in unshadowed earth between the winding years of heaven, is, not to me but of itself, one among the serene and final, uncapturable beauties of existence: that this beauty is made between hurt but invincible nature and the plainest cruelties and needs of human existence in this uncured time, and is inextricable among these, and as impossible without them as a saint born in paradise.

It is typical of Agee (and perhaps of the perceptive writers of our generation as a whole) that he should begin such a monumental history of three tenant families by explaining to his readers that the proper way to listen to Schubert's C Major Symphony is not to go to a concert hall but to lie down on the floor and subject one's head to the blasting sound-box of the phonograph. A writer of the 20's might have confined himself to a personal description of the music. A writer of the 30's would have pleaded the tenants' cause with moral indignation and material "solutions." Our generation not only sees the connection, but, for reasons which I have already suggested, insists on it stridently. For one thing, acceptance of great art and complacence before human poverty and degradation is so incompatible and soul-damaging an attitude that its prevalence may be considered a contributing cause of the current crisis in Western society. Agee, because he leans so far in the opposite direction, will be called a romanticist of poverty by the orthodox Marxist, and a nihilist by the Progressive Education Association. But to those who believe, as this reviewer does, that the road to the ultimate cynicism is alternately paved with Resignation and Pride, it is the combined fury and humility of "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men" that endows it with its special truth.

Selden Rodman is an editor of Common Sense. *His most recent books are "The Airmen" and "The Poetry of Flight."*

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Library to the American Past

DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN HISTORY. James Truslow Adams, Editor in Chief; R. V. Coleman, Managing Editor. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1940. 5 *volumes with a separate index volume.* $60.

Reviewed by FRANK MONAGHAN

IN December 1936 Charles Scribner's Sons published the twentieth volume of the "Dictionary of American Biography" and the greatest cooperative effort of American historical scholarship came to a brilliant end. Years of preliminary planning, then almost a full decade of writing, revising, checking, proof-reading, and printing: 13,633 articles by 2,243 different contributors. As the volumes appeared, between 1928 and 1936, there were some minor criticisms, but basically there was no serious comparison between the "Dictionary" and any other earlier American publication. Indeed, it was superior in many respects to its British counterpart, the "Dictionary of National Biography." Its catholicity in selection of subjects was greater, the allocation of space more balanced, and the checking and proof-reading far more accurate. It was a significant landmark in America's cultural history.

Four years later the same publishers presented the six volumes of the present work. Again it is fruit of wide and effective coöperation: more than a thousand contributors are responsible for the 6,425 separate articles, each covering some definite aspect, broad or minute, of American history. It does not include biographical articles, for this would be a senseless repetition of materials already available in the "DAB." The "Dictionary of American History" is the logical supplement to the "DAB"; together they form an integrated reference library to the American past—a record that, in scope, accuracy, and completeness, is unmatched by the similar publications of any other great nation. It is a notable triumph of American organization, coöperation, and scholarship. And while the "DAB" enjoyed the active support of the American Council of Learned Societies and the generous subsidy of the late publisher of the *New York Times* the credit for the present work must go the imagination and enterprise of the publishers themselves.

The early reviewers welcomed these volumes with enthusiasm and high praise. In arriving at their opinions they did the logical and the only thing to do. No person can sit down and read the 2,333 pages of text and 258 pages of index to write a review of it. They browsed through the whole, read a number of articles of special interest; most of them compared the "Dictionary" with the best previous compilation—in this field Harper's "Encyclopedia of United States History." But a book of reference can best be judged after many persons have put it to the test. The "Dictionary" has been on library shelves some six months now; it has been used by the great audience to whom it was addressed. I have discussed its value with scores of students, historians, professors—and with the librarians of two large advertising agencies (which helps to prove the validity of Dr. Adams's remark that advertisers have taken to using historical material in their advertisements). I have used the "Dictionary" extensively and have compared its articles with those of other publications. But one opinion arises from all this observation: that the "Dictionary" is a brilliant success.

James Truslow Adams

It has been said that each generation rewrites the past in the light of its knowledge, hopes, and prejudices. Harper's "Encyclopedia" was published not so many years ago; it was edited according to the best standards of the period and was written by some of the most eminent historians. If anyone wishes to question the progress of American scholarship and culture during the past several decades let them turn back to Harper's effort. There he will find a curious medley of spirited writing, incomplete facts, tawdry illustrations, and editorial eccentricities (one of which includes an illustrated article on Westminster Abbey in a reference work on United States history). The present work is not spirited in its writing; it is meant to be objective and accurate. Another generation of scholars will certainly be able to add a supplement, but I can certainly see no future need of revising the whole.

The choice of articles for inclusion in the "Dictionary" clearly reveals the changed attitude of American historians toward our past. Far gone is the day when the constitutional, religious, political, and military aspects dominated their interests. Many would be shocked (a few amused) to be able to refer in any dignified historical work to such items as: Rum Row, companionate marriage, jazz age, jitney, bathtubs, poker, dime novels, mustangs, and "Honkey-Donk" girls (by the way, was this article written with tongue in cheek?).

The editorial planning has been remarkably efficient and intelligent. Dr. Adams and Mr. Coleman were ably assisted by an advisory board of some seventeen distinguished scholars. This group compiled preliminary lists together with tentative space allotments; this information was mimeographed and submitted for criticism and suggestion to scores of authorities in various fields. It has resulted in the most balanced and satisfactory editorial direction. The general covering articles are excellent; the index is superb.

But, the reader of this review may well ask, is there nothing wrong with these six volumes? The answer is: yes, a very few things, but not highly important. The editors have improved upon the "DAB" in one welcome respect: each article is signed by the full name of the author rather than the initials. But in reference materials they have not done so well. Most of the articles are accompanied by a brief bibliography; these are often too brief and sometimes not well chosen. The checking and proof-reading are remarkably good. It is true that Blanchard's balloon flight across the English Channel was in 1785 and not 1795, but this is one error in hundreds of pages. On the choice of subjects (rather small ones) we might all argue until the sun grows cold. If you include "Honkey-Donk" girls then why not taxi-dancers? If Man o' War gets an article why not the Man without a Country? There is a reference to Sacajawea; why not to Tisquantum? The article on tunnels is interesting, but there is no mention of motor vehicular tubes. There is an article on Sacco-Vanzetti, but I suspect that the first Bureau of Child Hygiene established by Dr. Josephine Baker in New York City is vastly more important.

The "Dictionary" is a memorable achievement. The American public owes a vote of thanks to the publishers, the editors, and the contributors.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature
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BOOKS FOR SOLDIERS

BOOKS and battle camps may at first blush seem unlikely companions yet, according to the British Military Mission in the Middle East, "books are generally first priority among troop requests for amenities." The Mission is appealing to this country for books—all kinds are demanded. "We can easily," it telegraphs, "absorb half a million books now. Eighty per cent should be fiction, the remainder educational and general, and magazines are very acceptable." Forestalling possible objection on the score that space needed for munitions of war will be allocated to books on transports, the British War Relief Society, which is sponsoring the drive in this city, has arranged for getting them across the ocean in such odds and ends of space as may be found on or between crates, inside cars, or in such other crevices as are not already filled with objects in transit.

The plight of the British soldier in the Middle East so far as reading matter is concerned is indeed a sorry one. Stationed in countries whose languages are foreign to him, out of reach of libraries, bookstores, and magazine stands, with not even daily newspapers to entertain his leisure, he is probably as sorely in need of literature as any educated group under arms. Our own boys in the camps have been provided for by the Government, which has placed the distribution of books under the Morale Division of the Army. Contrary to the practice of the First World War, when reading matter for the soldiers was raised by the A.L.A. through campaigns for volunteer contributions, the Government has now pronounced against volunteer donations, wishing to exert supervision over the character of the books selected. There need, therefore, be no fear on the part of the public that in contributing to the sore need of the British it is depriving its own training camps of literature.

This request of the British for books would seem a golden opportunity for the weeding out that all private libraries can undergo to advantage. There are few homes in which the bookshelves do not give harborage to works which once read are mere deadwood to their owners. Detective stories, light novels whose interest evaporates with one reading, informational books and textbooks become elementary because of their purchasers' advance in knowledge, duplicate copies of the classics and of works contained in sets, volumes bought to while away a railroad journey or left by guests, the flotsam and jetsam of literature that every household knows,—all these will be as manna in the wilderness to the men in Syria or Libya or wherever they may be. Obviously they will not welcome the "Dotty Dimple" books or even the Deerfoot series. But works of general nature, novels which depict the American scene in terms which make it part and parcel of contemporary life, historical novels which present the pageant of national development, biographies, economic studies, science and natural history—these are all of the sort which should be welcome.

It is entertainment, of course, which the soldiers seek primarily in their demand for books, but out of it too may grow more lasting benefits. Mr. E. George Payne, dean of the School of Education of New York University, in a report submitted to its Chancellor a few days ago dwelt upon the "acute" need that would prevail after the war for adult education, since "there is no way to bring adulthood into line in thinking and practice with this new world, other than through education, if democracy is to survive." Well, reading is adult education, and "books, we know, are a substantial world" from which during the dreary months, while they are exiled from their normal occupations and contacts, the army hosts may gain enlightenment for their return to peace-time living. A. L.

Information as to the committee superintending the collection of books for the British Military Mission and as to where to send them will be found on page 18.

Go Looking

By Gilbert Maxwell

WHEREVER you see a knot of people gathered
under the arc light or beneath the ell
or on the common in autumn, or summers in any square,
go join the outer circle, for we can never tell:
it may be you will see the meek and the weak who have weathered
too much abuse—the crippled, the incomplete of mind there . . .
but go, as I will go, and one of us may find there
lost among the lost, the lost face known so well.

And listen: ask none the time of the year or the month or the day.
Ask none what the speaker is saying, for what he has to say
will surely deal with the church or the state or the state of the world;
but ask the nearest man, if one whose hair is curled,
if the day be blowing wet, or straight, if the day be dry
(as I will ask if one who has a miraculous eye)
has stopped to listen and look, or looking, passed that way.

And take no note of the seasons, for I will go looking in winter
as well as in fall or spring, and heavily when the heat
is crisping the dusty leaves of the trees in their iron pens;
for whether I exit or enter
a shop or a country inn or a house of a hundred floors—
bent upon trivial errands, through straight and turning doors,
I with my eye like a lens
for the camera mind alert
will go looking for eyes that are hurt
and sullen, and maybe yours.

Wherever you see a crowd, wherever for any cause—
for humor, for comfort, for shock, for the making or breaking of laws;
for rage, for injustice, for treason;
wherever for any reason
people are gathered,—pause,
edge into the outer circle about the man who is talking;
but pay no attention to him—he will not be I, you know,
as I, who know you skeptic, know he will not be you;
but listen, and look at the listeners, and whether riding or walking
you go, go looking for me as I look for you, believing,
though we are small among many, that while we go looking and grieving,
we cannot all be lost; it cannot all ways be true.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Quizzer Slips

SIR:—If I should write in again and mark Mr. Howard Collins five off on his latest quiz, would he, do you suppose, arise and slay me with tortures? Stab with a rusty saw-toothed knife and turn the blade in the wound? Or isn't he that bloodthirsty under correction?

Anyway, it says in my book that Ethel Beers is the author of "The Picket Guard" and not Thaddeus Oliver.

H. PALMER.

Norwich, Conn.

SIR:—The author of "Picket Guard," or "All Quiet Along the Potomac," is not Thaddeus Oliver, but Ethel Lynn Beers. See "Dictionary of American Biography," or my discussion of the authority of the poem in *Records of the Columbia Historical Society* (1926), pp. 127-129.

CHARLES O. PAULLIN.

Washington, D. C.

The Evidence on "O. K."

SIR:—Mr. Read has contributed some very factual evidence on the first use of O. K. I should be interested in knowing his reaction to the letter appearing in *Newsweek,* July 28, in which a reader states that the expression was first used by the Spartans in 600 B. C.

Does Mr. R. S. Benjamin, who contributed the letter that appeared in the issue of July 26, know whether the Haitian town of Aux Cayes was named after the rum which he claims was made in Martinique? Or is he mistaken about his rum? Haiti deserves credit for its rum; does it also deserve credit for O. K.?

FORREST ALTER.

Rosslyn Farms,
Carnegie, Pa.

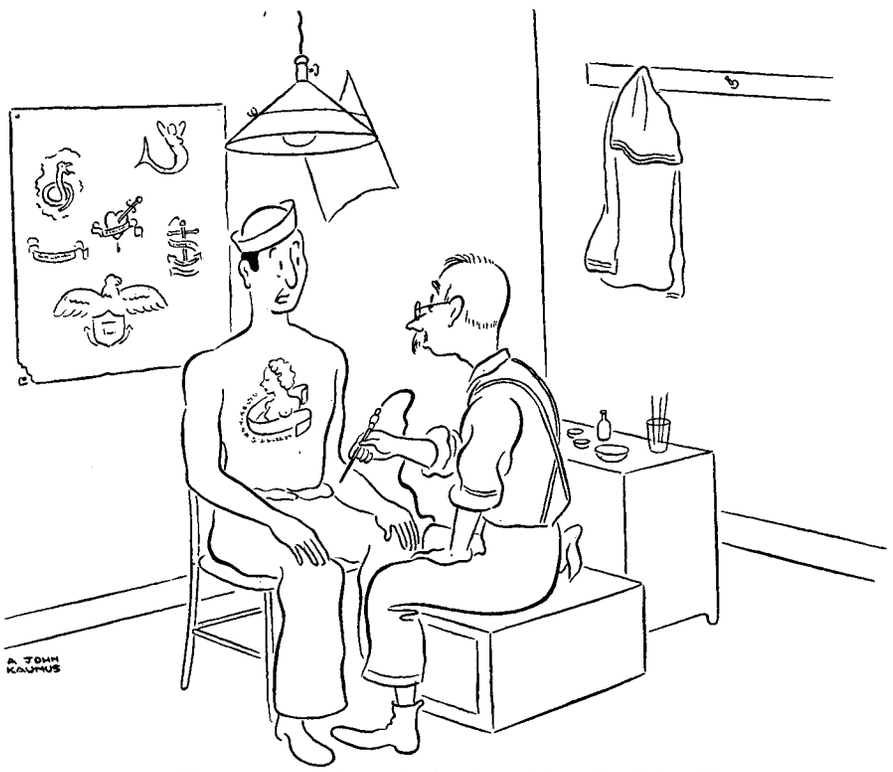
SIR:—Apropos to your discussion of the origin of O. K., allow me to concur in what most authorities agree to be the meaning. It carries the general idea that everything is "all right." Its derivation is simple. I am surprised that you have not caught it sooner. You know, we often say jokingly, that the Greeks had a word for it! Well, they have one for this, too! It is "Olla Kalla," which translated means "all's well" or "all right."

JIM SPELIOPOULOS.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Information, Please

SIR:—I recently found in an autograph album, over a hundred and twelve years old, the following lines to which no name was attached. I do not know whether it was original with the writer or whether it was quoted.



"Put in something high class, like 'Ex Libris'."

It is a childish idleness
To trust one's memory to a song.
A fillet woven from a tress
Would bind the summer wind as long.

But I have played the rhymer here
With the bold hope that it may be,
When mirth has fainted on the ear,
The whisperer of a thought for me.

And if, when you have turned aside
With a sick spirit from the dance
And, tired of being always gay,
Should open this fair book perchance,

'T were more than all the rhymes are worth
That I have graven on this leaf,
If from the weariness of mirth
Their quiet tone might bring relief.

Though mine were but the poet's lot
With the closed book to be forgot.

Can any of your readers place this?

H. B. HULBERT.

44 Fairfield Street,
Springfield, Mass.

Quoting Shakespeare

SIR:—It has always seemed to me that the sentence in Shakespeare's "Hamlet"—

It is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance—

can have only one meaning, namely, that it is more honourable (or decent) to break than to observe this custom. But when the phrase occurs in conversation, it is almost invariably taken to mean, a custom more often broken than observed: as if, indeed, the word "honour'd" did not occur in the sentence at all. The context in "Hamlet" makes the meaning plain: and even without context the phrase surely cannot be tortured to carry the signification which is generally forced upon it. I am weary to death of hearing it misused; but I could not forbear writing to you when I read, in a chapter (of all places!) on Shakespeare's language, written for the New Temple Shakespeare Handbook by J. N. Bryson, the following words:

> That some study of the language of Shakespeare is essential to a full appreciation of his work may seem a truth too obvious to state; but, like many "commonplaces," it is one which will bear testing and one which we may find more often honoured in the breach than in the observance.

Can nothing be done, sir, to annihilate this all too prevalent misinterpretation? Such slipshod methods of quotation are surely more honour'd in the breach than the observance.

W. D. WOODHEAD.

McGill University,
Montreal.

SRL Cover

SIR:—On behalf of ASPRCM (American Society for the Prevention of Red Covers on Magazine), I wish to express our gratification and appreciation for your distinctive and pleasing new cover scheme.

FRANKLIN YOUNG.

Cambridge, Mass.

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Selby . . .

ISLAND IN THE CORN. By John Selby. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1941. 404 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE financial decline and human stabilization of a comparatively great American family of the Midwest during the years between 1880 and 1892 is the general theme of this fat, rich book. It should be said at once for the benefit of those whom either the dates or "Midwest" might prejudice, that both the locale and the period are highly subordinate to some stories of American people which might have been set anywhere in any time of the country's history.

Father Trace is much the biggest man in a good-sized Wisconsin manufacturing town in 1880. Aside from authority, he has surroundings of heavy silver, Oriental rugs, fine horses, and some beautifully costumed women—his wife and three daughters. Father has the not unusual disabilities of a man born but not trained to great wealth and influence; a belief in his own infallibility and an unconscious impulse to force everyone he loves or needs into orbits about his star. Otherwise, he is a highly sympathetic character.

Curiously enough, it is too much foresight that takes Father down the first long flight from his inherited position. He believes in Tom Edison's electric lights and while he makes a small success with his light plant, he puts himself in a position where he cannot find funds to back up some iron mining experiments, which would, within a generation, have made a hundred fortunes the size of his. He believes in electricity for locomotion and sinks the principal remaining portion of his fortune in a premature trolley line.

His son-in-law and family know enough to move him from a town where he will no longer be prince or even one of the nobility, to a younger Minnesota city where he can again be lordly as proprietor of a travertine quarry. It is touch and go for operating expenses and Father makes this touch and no go by lordly investments in impracticable speculations. Father replies to the timid remonstrances of his family with the maddening reply, "I'll manage"—doubly maddening because they know that he is precisely the last man who ever has or ever can. The quarry goes down partly through misfortune but largely through lack of resources and Father goes down, too, probably much to his surprise, while posing magnificently but insanely on a barge load of his own rock.

John Selby

Though this major character is eliminated, the principal character, the family, goes on into a third movement. In this the dramatic touch is supplied by the son-in-law manager and his wife. Neel had made a complex of mistakes early in the book which resulted in his wife's having a stillbirth. The wife was shocked into frigidity which exhibited itself as an hysterical paralysis of the legs.

Neel moves the family and its remaining elegances down to a small town in Missouri, no doubt near what is now Trenton, and starts in to run a hardware and implement store—without previous experience. Younger Midwesterners will probably protest that no such Baptist-ridden, anti-whist playing, narrow, snooping bunch of busybodies exists as a small town in that locale and that is probably true. It is a proof of Mr. Selby's careful treatment of his story as a document of character, which is more or less timeless, rather than as fictionized research—though the research is unimpeachable—that one's indignation is suddenly stilled by the reflection that the time is 1892, long before the automobile, the motion picture, and the radio had perhaps vulgarized but certainly liberalized the behaviors of even the western Baptists.

The family has a difficult time in this "island in the corn" but the Presbyterian minister and a few kindly old ladies pull them through and they find themselves at the end of a year at least that year's living ahead. This matter and the story of the paralyzed wife and the subordinate stories are wound up neatly and with proper rapidity in the last pages of the book.

It is a very good, full book which tells its story of an American time and some American places without any historical ostentation or anguish.

Judith Kelly

Kelly . . .

MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR. By Judith Kelly. New York: Harper & Bros. 1941. 359 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THE Harper Prize novel for 1941-42 can take its place confidently alongside such notable predecessors as "The Grandmothers," "The Dark Journey," "Honey in the Horn," and "Children of God," for this sharp study of a modern marriage is written with skill and acumen. Although the accent of the novel is witty and non-romantic and its portraiture slightly satirical, the story itself threatens to become the conventional tale of a once happy marriage shattered by disillusion and infidelity; but the author successfully detours around the hackneyed. There is one great weakness in the plot: when the young wife begins to interpret her restlessness and fear of middle age as the fading of her love for Tom, she yields too easily to a somewhat colorless Lothario conveniently waiting for her. The novelist, unfortunately for her "plot," has already stressed Theo's basic taste and decency as well as

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 386)

SWIFT:

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

Momus found criticism a malignant deity extended . . . upon the spoils of numberless volumes half-devoured. . . . She had claws like a cat; her head and ears and voice resembled those of an ass; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall.

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Tom's engaging charm, affectionate nature, intelligence, good looks, and virility. The adultery is not quite credible.

However it is necessary for the progress and direction of the novel. After Tom has discovered his wife's defection and his violent anger and hate have boiled away, there remains a residue of cynicism which enables him to take Theo back, not as his wife but as his mistress. Obviously such a solution belongs to artificial high comedy and not to the realistic novel, and the author is too wise to make the arrangement permanent. To expect her to rescue her characters from such an emotional impasse without resorting to a certain amount of melodrama and sentimentality would, perhaps, be unreasonable.

The overtones of "Marriage Is a Private Affair" are those of intelligent and adult fiction. The background of Boston with its Marquands and Rover Boys, its Italians and Poles, its labor racketeers and idealists, its Back Bay and slums is correctly drawn. The first half of the novel is crackly with wit and cynical observation. The ludicrous ritual and pageantry of fashionable weddings are described with playful irreverence; cocktail hours and talky dinners among the intellectuals result in delightful stretches of Behrman-like patter.

The Lyricism of Vincent Sheean

BIRD OF THE WILDERNESS. By Vincent Sheean. New York: Random House. 1941. 322 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL STARRETT

ALMOST anyone who has read anything knows that "Jimmy" (I think he does not object to the title) Sheean writes at times with a spontaneous and seemingly involuntary lyricism which suggests the old Cymric and Irish legends of harps that sang by themselves when the proper hand touched them.

This must be kept in mind before one examines this bird for feathers. A young German-Welsh-American with some sensitivity for music and literature lives in a German-American small town in Illinois over the time that Wilson was keeping the country out of war. He gets the girls who teaches Senior English in his High School into some social difficulties—not what is known as "trouble" for Goodness Sake—and joins the United States Army.

The story is so extremely slight that that is absolutely all one can make of it. The mechanics involve nothing more than the item of the boy's newspaper route and the climax is built on a shortage of about thirty-eight dollars in his books. Perceptive persons may find some significance in this thirty-eight dollars beyond the simple circumstances, but it is difficult for this observer to believe that a plutocrat with an assured income of nine or ten dollars a week could do anything serious about his career, his love-life, and world letters with no more trouble than a debt he could pay up in four or five weeks.

There is some amusing, perhaps prolonged, soap-boxing about Wilson, Germans, etc.—definitely too much scenery, inaccurately described, amusing people, no story to speak of, a great deal of self-consciousness in writing, and a few poetic bits that are worth their weight in radium.

It is probably unfair to quote from the "Author's Note" as a suggestion of what to skip in the book, but almost everything is unfair in some sense:

"When, last year, the rhythm of external events—in spite of obvious differences and deceptive resemblances—turned my mind back to these themes, although I approached them in a way so very different, it seemed to me best to retain the frankly romantic title that had once graced them."

What one will find in the book are such pleasant conceits as that of the hero's musical education. When he discovers that what he had taken to be the pleasure of piano playing is supposed to be work he determinedly forgets everything he has learned except a few chords—and those are in D-minor, not the conventional C-major.

Vincent Sheean

Life in the Mill

IN THE MILL. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 158 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

WHEN John Masefield, now Poet Laureate of England, worked in a carpet-mill at Yonkers (in the years 1895 to 1897) the Palisades across the river were open, undeveloped country, and "Upper New York was still uncleared and unbuilt. From 155th Street one passed into the woodland which was much as it had been when the Red Indian had it." The hours at the mill were from seven to noon, from one to six; there were no unions, no social service, but the owners treated the men well, and any enterprising and inventive workman was not cheated but rewarded. Masefield was nineteen years old in 1895—he had been trained for the Merchant Marine, had seen many seas in different ships, and just before he went to the mill, he had worked on an American farm.

His account of life in the mill, and of the details of carpet-making are told with the direct precision which his writing has always shown; and the chronicle ends with an imaginative suggestion for the improvement of such industries. The real interest of the book lies, however, in his reconstruction of his own growth into the world of romance and poetry. For the first time in his life, since his childhood, he had leisure to read. And he read voraciously. Novels, medical books, the English essayists, Walton and De Quincey, Malory and Melville, Darwin and Chaucer—the lonely English boy, burning to be a writer one day, devoured them in his lodgings in the evenings, at the week-ends. He writes of those adventures among books with a simplicity that makes these pages of high value as the record of the making of a poet. Two authors moved him most—George du Maurier with "Trilby" and "Peter Ibbetson"; and John Keats. Of "Trilby" he writes, as many other young men and women of that day, had they the honesty, would write!

> On the whole, I enjoyed it more than any book I had read until that time; . . . Youth longs for close companionships. The book describes an enchanted companionship of men linked together in the practice of art; it gave me, therefore, the image of a double happiness. It gave me moreover an impression of France which I have never lost, and quoted to me, for the first time, scraps of French verse which seemed very beautiful.

Under the charm of "Trilby" and of "Peter Ibbetson" Masefield learnt

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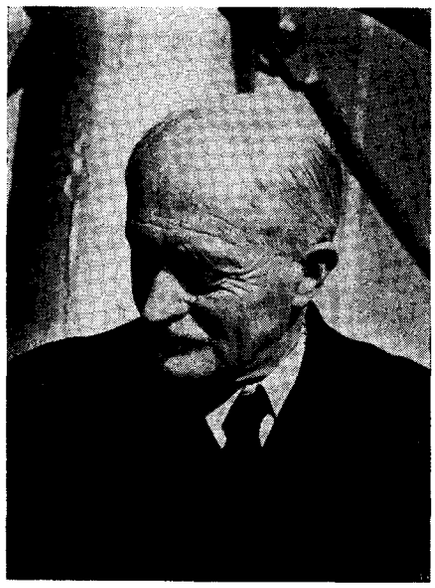

John Masefield

French, tried Dumas, Musset, Villon; and of "Peter Ibbetson" itself he writes:

> I have read that book through many times since then. God forgive me, once or twice I have wondered whether there be not one or two faults in it; if there be there were none to me then. It came to me just when I most needed an inner life.

So when he met the poetry of Keats, he was already slave to the romantic enchantment. A bookseller told him Keats was a classic, and Masefield opened the book nervously. Was he to find another "Hind and the Panther," or the formal couplets of Pope?

> I was soon shown what Keats was like. I read one short poem with amazement, then a second, which brought me under his spell for ever, then four lines of a third, and for that night I could read no more. I was in a new world where incredible beauty was daily bread and the breath of life. Everything that I had read until then seemed like paving-stones on the path leading to this Paradise; now I seemed to be in the garden, and the ecstasy was so great that the joy seemed almost to burn.

"In the Mill" is a lovely book. It is full of gratitude, of joy held in recollection, of a simple trust in beauty and truth, of a shrewd evaluation of the smart and wicked people who are afraid of life and would have us debase ourselves to power and death. The book shows, too, a singularly lovable young man, eager for work, anxious to learn, one who always kept a friendly curiosity for other ways of life than his own, never disdained the interests and the pleasures of the common people, that great brotherhood to whom all poets must belong.

The Father of the Detective Story

HOWARD HAYCRAFT

TIPPECANOE (and Tyler, too) had triumphed at the polls, in an exciting spectacle of red fire and illuminated log cabins. Pigs annoyed visiting European celebrities in the streets of the largest cities. Respectable burghers nodded of an evening over the verses of Mr. Longfellow and the novels of Mr. Paulding and Mr. Simms. Their good wives scanned the pages of *Godey's, The Gift,* and *The Token;* the children had been put to sleep (rather readily, one imagines) with the indubitably instructive works of Peter Parley. "Society" danced polkas and Prince Albert waltzes, blew its nose on its fingers, and applauded with genteel kid gloves the rival pomposities of Edwin Forrest and Junius Booth. "Elegance" was the watchword of the day. Meanwhile, enterprising tradesmen turned handsome profits in Mineral Teeth, Pile Electuaries, Chinese Hair Eradicators, and Swedish Leeches. Still-new-fangled steam carriages jiggled and bounced adventurously between the more populous centers. The *Great Western* and her sister express packets (now only two weeks the crossing) brought all the news from abroad and the latest British romances for church-going publishers to pirate. Mr. Brady was soon to open his Daguerrian Gallery. Mr. Morse had forsaken his fashionable portraits to tinker in seclusion with a queer contraption of keys and wires. And on the distant Illinois sod a lanky young giant was riding his first law circuits.

In short—America in 1841.

Philadelphia was a-tingle with the pleasurable sensations of a literary revival. Frankly commercial, often hopelessly lacking in taste, this renaissance nevertheless wore the face of popular and democratic revolt. The concept of "literature" for the few was giving way to the idea of "reading" for the many. Since the days of Ben Franklin, William Penn's city had been famous as a printing center. Now it was realizing its assets. The golden age of cheap magazine publishing was beginning, and Philadelphia was its American Athens. Here were printers and popular journals: the Carey and Lea firms, *Godey's, Atkinson's,* the *Gentleman's, Graham's, Alexander's,* the *Saturday Evening Post,* the *Dollar Newspaper*—among many. Here were editors: Burton, Godey, Graham, the Petersons, Mrs. Hale, the "Reverend" Griswold. Here were artists and engravers: Sully, Sartain, Darley, Neagle, and a host of lesser names. Here were writers of all descriptions: R. M. Bird, T. S. Arthur, Eliza Leslie, "Grace Greenwood," Willis Gaylord Clark, Captain Mayne Reid, George Lippard, "Judge" Conrad, Henry Beck Hirst, "Penn" Smith, Jane and Sumner Fairfield, Joseph and Alice Neal, Thomas Dunn English. And —like a stray cock-pheasant in a sedate domestic fowlyard—Edgar Allan Poe, age thirty-two; critic, poet, and story-teller, currently the guiding editor of *Graham's.*

Tragic Israfel was now at flood tide of success and happiness. The statement is relative and requires explanation. In return for his editorial duties at *Graham's,* Poe was receiving the startling salary of eight hundred dollars a year—more than he ever earned before or afterward. His child-wife, Virginia, was temporarily in good health, as was Poe himself. His salary enabled him for the first, and only, time to provide the necessities of life regularly, and even to add such luxuries as a harp and a tiny piano for Virginia. Faithful, harassed "Muddie" Clemm could smile for once as she went about her tasks as mater-familias of the little household. Her "Eddie's" bulging head was full of plans for a periodical of his own. Meanwhile, under his editorship *Graham's* became the world's first mass-circulation magazine, leaping in a few short months from a conventional five thou-

Edgar Allan Poe

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sand readers to an unprecedented forty thousand. Poe's own writings were of a uniformly higher standard and greater number than at any other point in his career. The cream of them he contributed to *Graham's,* and they had a large share in its success.

Crime had early claimed his attention. So had puzzles. In *Graham's* for April, 1841, he joined them together. The terrified dreamer of "The Tell-Tale Heart" and "The Fall of the House of Usher" met the analytic solver of cryptograms, the astute completer of "Barnaby Rudge" on common soil. The result was a new type of tale.

It was a tale of crime, but it was also a tale of ratiocination. It had a brutal murder for its subject, but it had a paragon of crisp logic for its hero. It was "The Murders in the Rue Morgue."

It was the world's first detective story.

A circumstance of considerable interest, and one ignored by many historians, is the human paradox that led Poe—the avowed apostle of the morbid and grotesque—to forsake his tortured fantasies, even briefly, for the cool logic of the detective story. Why this sea-change in mid-career, this return to temperate realms—so instinct with pleasure for generations yet unborn?

CERTAIN events in 1840 had conspired to this end. Poe's periodic jousts with his earthly demons are too well known to need description here. They had at least contributed to his dismissal from the editorship of William Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine.* This disappointment led to additional falls from grace and, eventually, to complete collapse and delirium. At length Poe awoke from the fever, weak but clearer than he had been in months and in a distinctly "morning after" frame of mind. At this opportune moment came prosy, kindly George Graham with his tender of a new editorship—provided the poet would make certain practical guaranties of behavior. A creature of extremes, Poe's reaction was swift and typical. He would accept Graham's offer and forswear the world of emotion for the sedater climes of reason.

All through Poe's fiction runs his hero—himself. In the earlier tales the hero is a tormented and guilt-driven wretch. Now, by a process of readily understandable rationalization, the puppet reflects the change in the master: he becomes the perfect reasoner, the embodiment of logic, the champion of mind over matter. Instead of bathing insanely in hideous crime, the new protagonist crisply hunts it down. He demonstrates his superiority over ordinary men by scornfully beating

"My business is not as usual"

MY BUSINESS is not as usual —not by a long sight.

I don't usually have six hundred or more new Army and Navy and defense plants to equip completely and quickly.

And I don't usually have the rush of business that comes when every one else is working on defense.

When a country starts to hurry, about the first thing it calls for is more telephones.

It takes a lot of telephone calls to make a tank or an airplane or a cargo ship.

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them at their own game; by solving with ease the problems which seem to them so baffling. In brief, he is—Auguste Dupin.

There is assuredly much to be said for Joseph Wood Krutch's brilliant over-simplification: "Poe invented the detective story that he might not go mad."

Men still read them for the same reason to-day.

Edgar Allan Poe wrote only three detective stories: "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt," and "The Purloined Letter."

A fourth tale of Poe's, "The Gold Bug," is often carelessly miscalled a detective story. It is a fine story, a masterpiece of mystery and even of analysis—but it is not a detective story for the simple reason that every shred of the evidence on which Legrand's brilliant deductions are based is withheld from the reader until *after* the solution is disclosed. The same objection excludes still another Poe tale, "Thou Art the Man," which, in point of fact, comes much closer structurally to qualifying than "The Gold Bug." But here again it is the concealment of essential evidence that rules the story out of court.

Not the least remarkable feature of Poe's detective tales is the almost uncanny fashion in which these three early attempts, totalling only a few thousand words, established once and for all the mold and pattern for the thousands upon thousands of works of police fiction which have followed. The first tale exemplified, loosely, the *physical* type of the detective story. In the second, Poe reverted to the opposite extreme of the purely *mental.* Finding this (presumably) equally unsatisfactory, the artist in him led, inescapably, in the third story to the *balanced* type. Thus, swiftly, and in the brief compass of only three slight narratives, he foretold the entire evolution of the detective romance as a literary form.

Equally prophetic and embracing were Poe's contributions to the internal structure of the genre. In the very first tale he proceeded to lay down the two great concepts upon which all fictional detection worth the name has been based: (1) That the solvability of a case varies in proportion to its outré character. (2) The famous dictum-by-inference (as best phrased by Dorothy Sayers) that "when you have eliminated all the impossibilities, then, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth."

AS for the almost infinite minutiæ, time-hallowed today, which Poe created virtually with a single stroke of the pen, only a suggestive catalogue need be given. The transcendent and eccentric detective; the admiring and slightly stupid foil; the well-intentioned blundering and unimaginativeness of the official guardians of the law; the locked-room convention; the pointing finger of unjust suspicion; the solution by surprise; deduction by putting one's self in another's position; concealment by means of the ultra-obvious; the staged ruse to force the culprit's hand; even the expansive and condescending explanation when the chase is done: all these sprang full-panoplied from the buzzing brain and lofty brow of the Philadelphia editor. In fact, it is not too much to say—except, possibly, for the influence of latter-day science—that nothing really primary has been added either to the framework of the detective story or to its internals since Poe completed his trilogy. Manners, styles, specific devices may change—but the great principles remain where Poe laid them down and left them. Unlike Boy Blue's toys, however, they gather no dust!

As Philip Van Doren Stern has well said: "Like printing, the detective story has been improved upon only in a mechanical way since it was first invented; as artistic products, Gutenberg's Bible and Poe's 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue' have never been surpassed."

Few American authors have undergone such minute inspection and dissection at the hands of scholarship as has Poe. Yet the literary scalpel-wielders have been strangely neglectful of the sources of his detective fiction. Aside from the obvious identifications of "Marie Rogêt," only a few minor "points" have been established. One scans the academic journals in vain for light on so intriguing a problem—for example—as the origin of the first fictional detective's name.

How *did* Poe come to name his hero Dupin? The question may never be finally answered, but the poet left at least one important clue when he described his Chevalier as "of an excellent, indeed of an illustrious family." For the name has in truth been a notable one in French history. The reader may discover in the standard

French encyclopedias no less than twelve prominent real-life Dupins dating from the fourteenth century to Poe's own years.

OF this substantial number of eminent flesh-and-blood bearers of the name, two were even more outstanding than the rest. Both were, suggestively, contemporaries of Poe. Furthermore, they were brothers: André Marie Jean Jacques (1783-1865) and François Charles Pierre (1784-1873). André, the elder, was a statesman of ministerial rank who held the office of Procureur-Général and other high governmental posts for the better part of a generation despite turbulent changes of party and dynasty, a feat which called for no slight degree of political agility—to employ the kindest phrase. As President of the Chamber of Deputies from 1832 to 1840 he was at the pinnacle of his career and consequently prominent in the native and foreign prints during the years immediately preceding Poe's creation of his fictional hero. Besides, André Dupin was a prolific writer on a variety of subjects: among them, French criminal procedure. Several of his works were translated into English; one translation, in fact, was published in Boston in 1839. That his name was familiar to Poe can hardly be doubted. The younger brother (commonly called Charles) was a noted mathematician and economist who also held public office from time to time and was created a baron for his services. His was an even more versatile pen than André's, and he was known to the English-speaking world through numerous translations covering a wide range of topics.

Almost inescapably these brief personal histories will have reminded the informed Poe-student of the Minister D——, the talented villain of "The Purloined Letter." D——, it will be recalled, was not only an accomplished and unscrupulous political intriguant, but, as Poe made a special point of saying, a man-of-letters as well—both "poet *and* mathematician." Moreover, he possessed a brother who had also a "reputation in letters." The parallel is by no means exact, and one would not wish to place too much emphasis on what after all may have been only a coincidence. Yet, in the dual circumstance of Poe's appropriation of the name and his adaptation of the characteristics of the real brothers Dupin, the veriest psychological tyro will be quick to scent a highly logical, if possibly unconscious, "transference."

Of Poe's indebtedness to François Eugène Vidocq much has been written and more assumed. There can be no doubt that he was closely familiar with that worthy's exploits and memoirs, and that he drew on them for

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numerous details. But to identify Dupin, the ageless symbol of amateurism, with Vidocq, the professional—as some critics have done—is to commit a most uncritical error and to miss the whole point and purpose of Poe's ratiocinative stories. For throughout the tales Poe hammers ceaselessly to drive home his acutely personalized thesis of the superiority of the talented amateur mind—meaning, of course, his own. Nowhere is this more graphically brought out than in the patronizing reference to Vidocq he places in Dupin's mouth near the conclusion of "The Rue Morgue."

If an identification must be made: a good deal on Vidocq (or of Poe's opinion of him) will be found in the unflattering portrait of the Prefect G—— in the tales.

"THE Purloined Letter" was Poe's last detective story, although he lived five more years. Too many historians have argued carelessly that he dropped the genre because it failed to arouse sufficient interest. This is not supported by the facts. While it is true that much of Poe's work was relatively unappreciated in his life-time, there is no reason to believe that his detective stories suffered more than his fantasies or his poetry. In point of fact, the weight of evidence clearly indicates the opposite situation. Poe not only complained several times in personal correspondence that the public seemed to prefer his ratiocinative tales to what he chose to consider his worthier efforts—he also frequently traded on their popularity in his dealings with editors and publishers. Further, two of the three stories were accounted important enough to be reprinted abroad, in an era when American literature was held in such low esteem that very little of it crossed the water. And at home, barely a decade after Poe died, young William Dean Howells thought it significant praise to assert of a nominee for President of the United States:

> The bent of his mind is mathematical and metaphysical, and he is therefore pleased with the absolute and logical method of Poe's tales and sketches, in which the problem of mystery is given, and wrought out into everyday facts by processes of cunning analysis. It is said that he suffers no year to pass without a perusal of this author.

Abraham Lincoln subsequently confirmed the statement, which appeared in his little known "campaign biography" by Howells in 1860 and has escaped later attention almost entirely. The instance is chiefly notable, of course, for its revelation of a little suspected affinity between two great Americans—utterly dissimilar save that they shared the same birth year, and that each died tragically before his time. And it establishes Lincoln as the first of the countless eminent men who have turned to the detective story for stimulation and solace.

The true reasons for Poe's desertion of the form he created are found in his own life. After 1845 the poet's circumstances, uncertain enough at any time, became increasingly distressing. Little Virginia died. His own end (as he must have suspected) was near. He wrote progressively less, and that little showed a pronounced return to his early morbidity. The last years were a nightmare of poverty, disease, drink, and delusion. In such waking dread there simply was no room for a "perfect reasoner."

Today Poe's position in literature is more than secure. He is universally recognized as one of the few poets of consummate genius America has produced, and still its finest writer (if not, indeed, the inventor) of the short story. Yet, had he published nothing but the three Dupin tales, posterity would still award him an eminent and merited niche in Fame's corridors—as The Father of the Detective Story.

The foregoing article constitutes a preview, somewhat abridged, of the Edgar Allan Poe chapter in Mr. Haycraft's "Murder for Pleasure: The Life and Times of the Detective Story," shortly to be published by Appleton-Century.

Mumford Lectures

THE SOUTH IN ARCHITECTURE. Lectures in Alabama, by Lewis Mumford. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1941. 147 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

I DON'T know what has happened to Mr. Mumford unless it is the war. How can he manage to be so right in the details and so wrong in the sum or so right in the sum and so wrong in the details of such erudition as he seems pleased to waste in the process of expanding Jefferson into a great architect, shrinking Richardson into a characteristic Southerner, and blowing him up many times life-size?

Contrary to Mr. Mumford's thesis in the first of these lectures, styles are necessarily created from within—each in its own good time and not because of any exterior influences of a universal character. A style is a particularity or it has no style. The drama of human development proceeds from within outwards—and there is no "tension between the regional and the universal." They are one when they are either.

What makes the pseudo-classic building a social and economic crime is that it knows nothing of the life that

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builds or inhabits it except as to a main hole to crawl in and out of and various holes in the walls to peep out of. All else is fashionably "trim" and cornice. It is at best a gigantic makeshift. It was entirely moral but wholly unethical. Neither Jefferson nor Richardson sought to change this.

If the pseudo-classicists believed in a "universal order" as Lewis says they did, it was because they were so uncreative as to have to accept one ready-made. One may dwell upon the unities of the Logos and the Cosmos, be persuaded that two times two equals four, and yet never get nearer Reality than that we like applesauce because it is universal and dislike apples because they are merely individual. Applesauce seems to be Lewis Mumford's growing "taste" in architecture.

I should say that Mr. Mumford's analysis of Jefferson the Architect in his second lecture is artificial writing just as Jefferson's Monticello was artificial architecture. Unfortunately, where architecture is concerned Lewis, like Thomas, remains the man of "taste." And there never is nor can there ever be one so far removed from the nature of the thing as the man of taste. He is like one blinded by the pleasing play of light on the surface of an object, never realizing, nor wishing to realize, the nature of that at which he gazes. But Thomas Jefferson could bring to America the fine rebellious mind of the highest form of aristocracy the world has ever seen: the Jeffersonian Democracy. To call any building he designed a great work of art could not be intelligent, however pleasing the architectural intonation or elegant the gesture. As a man of taste Jefferson, unfortunately, had only the tail-end of an utterly servile eclecticism for his inspiration. Lewis, unfortunately, has no such alibi. And I feel that he limits the author of "the Declaration" by trying to account him a great architect. When Jefferson was seventy-three years old he (the jack-of-all-trades were he on a lower plane) wrote:

> Some men look at constitutions—(or architectural styles?) with sanctimonious reverence and deem them like the ark of the covenant, too sacred to be touched.
>
> They ascribe to the men of the preceding age a wisdom more than human and suppose what they did to be beyond amendment. I knew that age well. I belonged to it and labored with it. It deserved well of its country. It was very like the present, but forty years of experience in government is worth a century of book reading, and this they would themselves say were they to rise from the dead: "laws and institutions must go hand in hand with the progress of the human mind."

It is of course "regional" twaddle to say, as Mr. Mumford does in his third lecture, that the South, or any form of sectionalism, gave Thomas Jefferson or H. H. Richardson to the architecture of this country. Richardson was a robust romanticist of large caliber, the last grand-gesture of an architectural epoch: the most gorgeous picture-maker of the dying era of the eclectic.

I am mildly mortified to learn from Mr. Mumford's final lecture that I "widened and carried along the Richardson principles" because I never believed Mr. Richardson had any "principles."

No, Lewis! While I am hardly looking, you can't bring this man Richardson up on me from behind, slip in a coupling pin, and ask me to take him along! Moreover, can't you see, Lewis, that according to your view of me you are only turning him over to the Japanese?

With Lewis we are indeed back to the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and the imperative need of throwing the lives of American boys at Hitler—*at once*. Blood, sweat, and tears have been promised to the British lads by Churchill. He is keeping his promise. Lewis Mumford now promises all these to us.

In this connection may I quote Jefferson's last words as printed in these Mumford lectures as my own last words in this small review? "It is part of the American character to consider nothing as desperate."

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Letters from France

THEY SPEAK FOR A NATION, LETTERS FROM FRANCE. Ed. by Eve Curie, Philippe Barres & Raoul de Roussy de Sales. Tr. by Drake and Denise DeKay. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. 1941. 238 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by LEO GERSHOY

WHAT do people write about when they speak for a nation, like France, mired in black despair? And to what strains do these voices echo, these thousands of anonymous French men and women, peasants and landed aristocracy, the untutored and the uncultivated, the young girls and the elderly officials? Nothing is more natural than that these frank communications should differ widely in their mood, even when they deal with the same subject, and even after the necessary editing to prevent repetition and exclude extraneous matter; and that they should disagree radically in their interpretations. The editors have arranged the subjects under a number of different headings: The Spirit of Resistance, Life in Paris, The Vichy Government, etc., and various as the letters are, there is still a fundamental unity of spirit which links them together. They are all animated by a twofold purpose—to break through the intolerable wall of silence, even worse, of willful lies, that cuts France in her deepest humiliation from the rest of the world; and to proclaim that Vichy is not Paris. Again and again, whether these anonymous thousands write from occupied or unoccupied France, to their friends and relatives or to those great radio organizations, BBC, NBC, or WRUL,

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

TWENTY FAMOUS PEN NAMES

Listed below are the pen names of twenty well-known writers. Can you recall their real names? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 18.

1. Ellis Bell.
2. Boz.
3. Lewis Carroll.
4. Geoffrey Crayon, Esq.
5. Elia.
6. George Eliot.
7. David Grayson.
8. Laurence Hope.
9. O. Henry.
10. Thomas Ingoldsby.
11. Fiona Macleod.
12. Petroleum V. Nashby.
13. Jonathan Oldstyle.
14. Meredith Owen.
15. Saki.
16. Stendhal.
17. Michael Angelo Titmarsh.
18. Alice B. Toklas.
19. Mark Twain.
20. Voltaire.

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through which they experience a vicarious freedom, they repeat a single refrain: our armies have been crushed, perhaps betrayed, but the nation is not defeated.

What is most magnificent about these letters is their throbbing vitality. The earlier letters are full of stupefaction: the writers are unable to believe that the war is over and that France has been crushed. Slowly, with terrifying poignancy, the full realization dawns upon them. Then as they see the Germans, legally with authorization and illegally through force; brutally or "correctly," as the French say, making themselves masters of the French soil and resources, the French spirit of independence reasserts itself. Haughtily and proudly, with wit and malice, with a sneer or with controlled anger, they hold their heads up against the conquerors. As for the politicians who brought them to the brink, there is surprisingly little disagreement; only degrees of indignation. At this moment when Vichy is giving its full measure of "collaboration" to the conquerors, the editors deserve the gratitude of their country and every lover of France for this revelation of the true France.

The Indians Today

TWENTIETH CENTURY INDIANS. By Frances Cooke Macgregor. Foreword by Dr. Clark Wissler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1941. *127 pp., with biobliography. Illustrated.* $3.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

THIS is a sound, informative, elementary book which answers most of the standard questions about Indians—are they citizens? What do they wear? how do they live? and so forth. The text is balanced by sixty-five pages of the author's photographs, clear, soundly illustrative, and often handsome. If anything, Mrs. Macgregor has strained too hard to avoid the picturesque in these pictures. Indians actually are more colorful and handsomer than she shows them, and she has made the mistake occasionally of offering the grotesque as the typical. This is particularly true in her two pages of "tribal types," which are valueless for that reason. There is occasional carelessness of editing, and a few statements, such as that the smoke-hole of a Navajo hogan is "to let the spirits out," when its primary function, of course, is to let the smoke out, should be reconsidered. On the whole, however, this is a work which anyone who is often called upon to answer questions about the Indians of today can gratefully hand to his questioners.

THE HOUSE OF ULLSTEIN

(*Continued from page* 4)

the price he offered was 12,000,000 marks—take it or leave it. The alternative was the concentration camp. My brothers and I knew there was no point in resisting; the highwayman's pistol was at our heads. We handed over our property.

The transfer was all very legal; many papers were signed; notaries ironically attested every signature. The title "Ullstein Press" was retained, since Goebbels did not yet dare jettison a name so attractive in Germany. The bitterest stipulation was that no member of my family should ever enter the Ullstein Building again.

We kept asking ourselves, "Who is this purchaser whose name cannot be told?" And we were not long in finding the answer. Herr Amann, director of the firm which had published Hitler's "Mein Kampf" soon began to give orders in the Ullstein offices. But everyone in Germany knew that the real owner of Amann's publishing house was Adolf Hitler. So now our question was answered:—the mysterious purchaser of the vast Ullstein properties, the only man in all Germany who could raise 12,000,000 marks in two weeks, was Adolf Hitler, who still controls, and enjoys, the profits of the great publishing house.

The four million-odd dollars received by my family was a great deal of money—even shared five ways. But it was astonishing how fast it disappeared. Most of it went back in the form of taxes, fines, and special levies to the man from whom it came, or his party, or the exchequer.

Then began the ordeal of getting out of Germany; I do not think I could live through it again. For nearly a year I sat in Government ante-rooms begging and waiting for the necessary documents; paying taxes, fines, and bribes to every Nazi official I encountered. After months of costly negotiation, I learned that I might take my departure. My entire fortune was now reduced to 100,000 marks, but almost joyously I went to police headquarters in Berlin to get my final papers. There I learned that Count Helldorf, Police Commissioner and direct subordinate of Himmler, had held up my passport. His secretary explained the situation politely. He said that he was sure matters could be arranged if I made a small gift to the Commissioner.

"A gift?" I asked. "How much?"

His secretary smiled.

"One hundred thousand marks," he said. And that is what I paid.

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by PEARL S. BUCK

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ASIA *The Magazine of the Orient, 40 E. 49 St., New York City*

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TRADE WINDS

UNDER the auspices of the British War Relief Society a committee has been organized for the collection of 250,000 books for the soldiers of the British armies in the Middle East. Here's a chance to provide for new books on your shelves by emptying them of those which have served your purpose, and no chance at all left to complain, as all of us do constantly, that we don't know how to make room for current publications. Send your books by mail, if you have only a few, to the warehouse of the British War Relief Society at 218 West 58th Street, New York City. The cost of mailing a book is only one and a half cents; be sure you mark your package clearly. The Society has volunteer cars and three trucks which will pick up any contributions of more than ten volumes. The drive is at present confined to New York City, and is under the direction of a Book Committee consisting of Ralph Thompson of the *New York Times,* Chairman; Lewis Gannett of the *Herald Tribune;* Margaret Marshall of the *Nation;* J. C. Grey of the New York *Sun;* Whittaker Chambers of *Time, Inc.;* Clifton Fadiman of the *New Yorker;* May Lamberton Becker of *Herald Tribune Books,* and Amy Loveman of *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

★ ★

☞We know little about Art. What we like we think is good. And we like "Winter Soldiers—The Story of a Conspiracy against the Schools"—a 64-page booklet packed with more dramatic Art than one would find in many a 57th Street gallery. With text by Louis Lerman and foreword by Professor Franz Boas, the Committee for Defense of Public Education sponsors this publication in the hope that it will bring to the attention of the public their side of the story regarding school investigations by the Coudert Legislative Committee.

☞"Winter Soldiers" is an original attempt to combine art and polemic in a unified study of a particular political situation. Disregarding its political implications, the forceful lithographs, drawings, and pen and ink works by such able artists as Rockwell Kent, William Steig, Philip Evergood, Art Young, Hugh Miller, and some twenty others, achieves high rank in the field of graphic expression. It is the sort of creative endeavor that remains fresh and alert.

★ ★

☞What has helped to make the week-end pleasant is "Jules Verne," a biography by Kenneth Allott. We were amazed to discover it is the first biography of Jules Verne in English, and the second to be written in any language. Jules Verne's life was as exciting as many of the tales he wrote. Verne and his imagination lived at the right psychological moment. Alexander Graham Bell was tinkering with the telephone, the *Great Eastern* was laying cables connecting the United States with England, and making periodic voyages between the two countries, and the Trans-Siberian Railway was speeding from Transbaikal to Port Arthur.

☞Verne properly saw these phenomena as only a rough beginning. It is good to know the relationship of Verne to his times. Allott has written an extremely useful book. He has been careful to track down much unpublished material with a bibliography of Verne's works.

★ ★

☞Despite the havoc wrought by German bombers on London—and the publishing industry has received its share—fine books continue to come from the British presses. As Walter G. Harrap, President of the Publishers Association of London, says in the latest issue of *The Bookseller,* "it is our Government's belief that books are an essential part of the nation's life in war as in peace and that without books we should become a people deprived of vision and therefore of that very freedom for which we are asked to make sacrifices."

LOUIS GREENFIELD.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
ORPHAN ANN *H. C. Bailey* (Crime Club: $2.)	Nasty old female bent on blackmail starts sly and sanctimonious lawyer Josh Clunk on case that leads to lofty British personages.	Ever-helpful Clunk outsmarts angry Scotland Yarders in solving mystery of orphanage, murder, and treacherous intrigue in navy.	Hard to beat
SKULL MOUNTAIN *Dean Hawkins* (Crime Club: $2.)	Sinister high jinks in Southern church belfry and spearing of colorful "refugee" leads local sheriff and helpers to unexpected discoveries.	Once it gets under way, and matters start popping on mountain tops and deep under ground, yarn moves at thrilling pace.	Grade B
THREE PRIZE MURDERS *Edith Howie, Marguerite McIntire, C. S. Wallace* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.50)	Omnibus of full-length novels runners up in recent contest. All American in scene with 1 amateur and 2 professional sleuths.	"Murder for Tea" and "Old Fashioned Murder" in familiar—and slightly overdone—Rinehart vein; "Westbound Murder" tough and pungent.	Good weekender
FOWL MURDER *R. Howard Lindsay* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Playful antics of gamboling plutocrats plunge private dick McPherson into mad maelstrom of murder, mirth, and inebriation.	Modernistic method of telling story confuses at first. Then you get used to it—if its worth the trouble.	Interesting experiment
THE TOWN IS FULL OF RUMORS *Ruth and Alexander Wilson* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Bank president and political boss die violently. Reporter Arthur Beele braves vengeance of interested parties and cuts sharp corners to solution.	Straightforward and believable presentation of gang politics in America—with murderous trimmings. Newshawk sleuth just tough enough, and action which never flags.	Among the best

ANSWERS TO LITERARY I. Q.

1. Emily Brontë.
2. Charles Dickens.
3. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson.
4. Washington Irving.
5. Charles Lamb.
6. Mary Ann Evans.
7. Ray Stannard Baker.
8. Adela Florence Cory Nicholson.
9. William Sydney Porter.
10. Rev. Richard Harris Barham.
11. William Sharp.
12. David Ross Locke.
13. Washington Irving.
14. Bulwer Lytton.
15. Hector Hugh Munro.
16. Marie Henri Beyle.
17. William Makepeace Thackeray.
18. Gertrude Stein.
19. Samuel Clemens.
20. François Marie Arouet.

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European Roundup

GOVERNMENT IN WARTIME EUROPE. Edited by Harold Zink and Taylor Cole. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1941. 249 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by DOUGLAS MILLER

RAPID movement of events in Europe, the strict censorship, and lack of communication facilities have caused a severe drop in our current accurate information from the other side of the Atlantic. What we hear is mostly spot news. "Government in Wartime Europe" performs a useful service for that reason. This book is well suited for classroom work for undergraduates, particularly upperclassmen; and is recommended to the general reader who wishes to follow the changes in the structure and policies of European government.

The two experts who discuss British Government emphasize two sides of the British situation. Eugene Parker Chase very correctly praises the wartime significance of the House of Commons, which has really gained power when compared to the appeasement years and which promises to grow in strength and efficiency as the war progresses. It would be very comforting to agree with him that Britain has shown in the first twenty months of the war that a free popular government can be second to none in efficiency. But W. Hardy Wickwar feels that basic problems in Britain have been handled only with velvet gloves.

Fritz Marx and Taylor Cole are well in agreement in their chapters on wartime Germany. They emphasize the extreme centralization of all governmental functions, headed up by the Ministers' Council for National Defense. An interesting trend of German policy has been to emphasize administrative efficiency rather than party loyalty in filling posts throughout the occupied territories. In order to combat possible breakdowns in morale, Dr. Ley's Labor Front has organized new units known as "shop troops." It is proposed that each factory should be able to take care of itself and maintain order in an emergency.

Comments on political trends in other countries include the interesting item that only .61% of voters in Soviet Russia scratched the official list of candidates; the Italian people view with dismay their alliance with Germany; that the dance of portfolios is still going on in France, since there have been four ministers of Foreign Affairs from June, 1940, to February, 1941. The present war has brought more violence to the Balkans, severe pressure on Norway's political institutions, and threats of future German pressure to Sweden.

Double-Crostics: No. 387

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

■	1-S	2-J	3-U	■	4-M	5-Q	6-P	7-H	■	8-B	9-A	10-V	11-M	12-E	13-U	■
14-H	15-T	16-Q	17-S	18-A	■	19-S	20-C	■	21-C	22-Q	23-A	■	24-H	25-B	26-W	27-X
28-N	29-U	30-R	31-Q	■	32-N	33-C	■	34-S	35-N	36-J	■	37-P	38-Q	39-S	40-F	■
41-D	42-X	43-O	44-B	45-C	46-L	47-E	48-I	49-V	■	50-Q	51-T	52-W	53-D	■	54-M	55-L
56-W	57-X	■	58-N	59-W	■	60-D	61-P	62-A	63-B	■	64-V	65-F	66-W	■	67-U	68-K
69-P	■	70-X	71-L	72-O	■	73-D	74-L	75-J	76-P	77-E	■	78-B	79-O	80-G	81-E	82-I
83-M	84-S	■	85-U	86-O	87-S	■	88-E	89-B	90-D	91-X	92-A	■	93-K	94-O	95-J	■
96-E	97-M	98-I	99-D	100-P	■	101-M	102-R	103-B	104-E	105-G	106-J	■	107-K	108-S	109-F	110-C
111-A	■	112-G	113-P	114-R	115-H	■	116-D	117-L	118-R	119-X	120-A	121-P	122-R	■	123-K	124-F
■	125-E	126-N	127-S	128-B	129-D	130-X	131-O	132-Q	133-T	134-I	135-G	136-L	■	137-K	138-G	■
139-S	140-Q	141-L	142-O	143-E	144-F	145-H	146-W	147-I	148-M	■	149-L	150-C	■	151-I	152-G	153-W
■	154-G	155-L	156-H	157-A	158-U	159-D	■	160-K	161-O	162-G	■	163-B	164-P	165-W	166-Q	167-O
168-G	169-L	170-V	■	171-M	172-C	■	173-O	174-C	175-A	■	176-H	177-R	178-X	179-E	180-V	181-T

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary ***(1938 edition).***

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 10 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Irresolute.

B. Refulgence remaining when light has disappeared.

C. Evade; get rid of (2 wds.)

D. Buffoon; pantomime character.

E. Son and successor of Saul.

F. Scent or savor, especially of cooking.

G. Support actively (slang; 2 wds.)

H. Russian Minister of War and Marine (1918-25).

I. *Felis pardalis* (cat).

J. Nest for eggs of spiders, etc.

K. Black glossy stalks of fern used in basket-making (Hawaii).

L. Wharf or dock laborer on river steamboats.

M. German pianist and conductor (1830-94).

N. King of Thessaly, bound to an ever-revolving wheel.

O. With rapid alternation of favorable and unfavorable prospects (U. S.; 3 wds.)

P. Matter-of-fact utilitarian in "Hard Times"; a Philistine.

Q. Tragedy by Rowe, acted by Mrs. Siddons.

R. Great god of the underworld (Egypt).

S. Confused mixture.

T. Authoritative standard.

U. Rudimental antler of a young red deer.

V. Underteacher or assistant in school (British).

W. One of the Greek Fates.

X. Emitting or suggesting light.

WORDS

157	23	9	62	18	120	175	111	92	
25	8	103	63	128	163	44	89	78	
110	174	45	172	21	150	33	20		
159	116	73	60	129	41	90	99	53	
47	88	77	179	143	96	81	125	12	104
124	65	40	109	144					
154	135	80	112	168	152	105	138	162	
176	24	156	145	14	115	7			
147	134	48	98	82	151				
106	2	95	75	36					
137	68	93	123	107	160				
155	141	55	136	46	71	117	74	169	149
4	97	148	54	83	11	171	101		
58	126	35	32	28					
94	79	142	43	161	167	173	86	131	72
76	6	113	121	37	164	61	69	100	
50	16	166	132	31	22	38	140	5	
118	30	177	114	102	122				
1	19	87	127	108	139	39	84	17	34
133	51	181	15						
85	67	13	3	29	158				
10	49	64	180	170					
56	165	26	52	153	59	146	66		
57	42	178	27	91	70	119	180		

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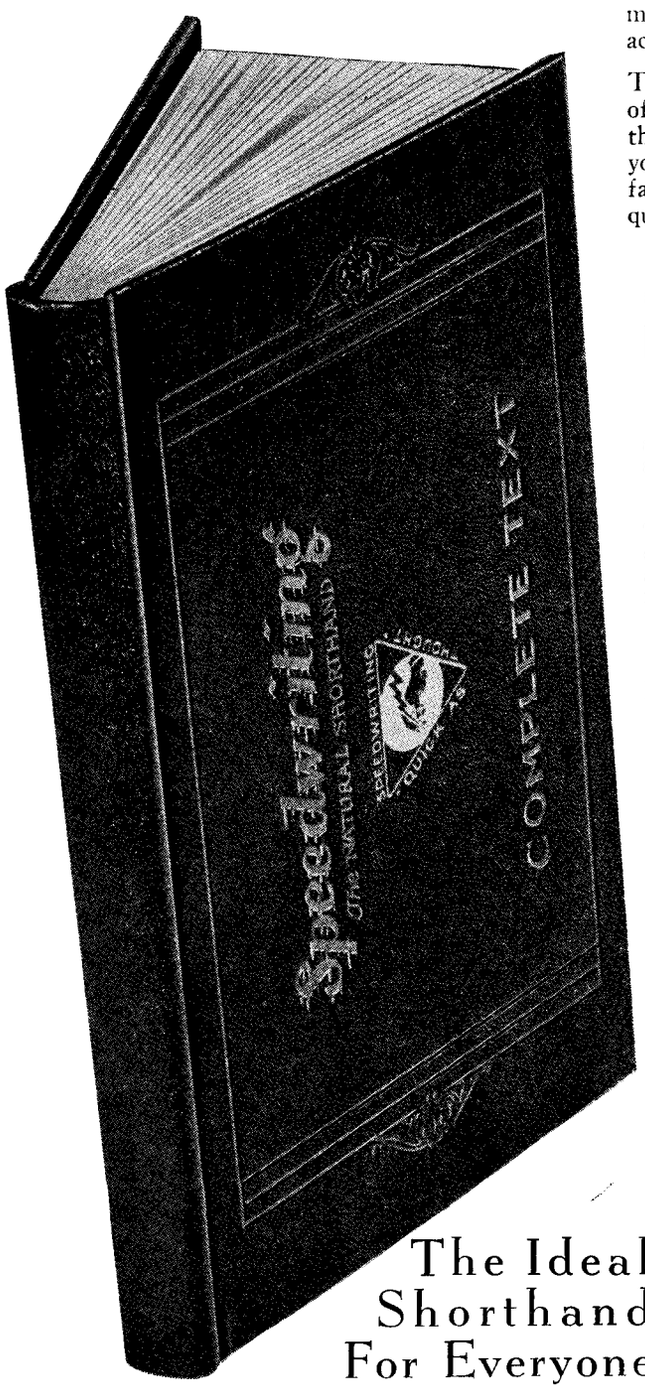

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